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GH TREBARWITH

A CORNISH ROMANCE

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EDWARD FOSKETT



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HUGH TREBARWITH

BY

EDWARD FOSKETT

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AS THE VESSEL NEARED THE BAY.

HUGH TREBARWITH

A CORNISH ROMANCE

BY

EDWARD FOSKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE WINDOW IN THE ROCK" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

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HUGH TREBARWITH.

HUGH TREBARWITH, rough and fearless, known
for many a deed well done,
Looked to landward all enraptured, sailing with
the setting sun.

Looked he long with eyes of wonder, for the
beauty was sublime
As eternal sunset resting on the sea and rocks
of time.

* * The scene of the incidents recorded in the poem is
Trebarwith Strand, near Tintagel.

Harmony of sound and colour, breathing, blending
land and sea,
Speaking in soft murmurs, waking thoughts of
silent melody ;

Like sweet peace with radiant mantle floating on
the emerald waves,
And as power in whispered echoes coming from
the hidden caves :

As a vision of the Mighty, as the Mighty's mystic
plan,
Half concealing, half revealing, Nature's horoscope
to man.

While the spell was yet upon him, one said,
“ Yon's Trebarwith Strand ! ”
And he answered, “ Yes, by heaven ! and I'm
near a mind to land.”

“Better make Boscastle harbour or just round
Tintagel’s head,”

So the mate replied, but vainly: “In that cove
I’ll land!” he said.

“Well I know it! If I told you it would seem
a fairy tale;

Curse it! why should I remember I was born up
that fair vale?

“Yes, Trebarwith!—I’m Trebarwith—since I left
thy rocky strand

Full ten years have whistled by me, and I have
the will to land:

“Though I vowed no more to see thee when my
heart-sick mother died,

Still I’ll do it! Shorten sail then, for we catch
the flowing tide.

“Name? I say my name’s Trebarwith! Not
my mother’s that I own;
Not my father’s! Once I swore to raze the record
from his stone.

“Dead he is, my mother told me, but his name
she would not tell,
For, when I had forced her story, hate seethed in
my heart like hell.

“She forgave him, loved him, praying I might
bless his wrong in me;
He had told her once to ask this ’ere he crossed
death’s darkened sea.

“That he loved me, saw me, cherished for five
years my little life,
Called me *son*. I hurled the answer, ‘But he
dared not call thee *wife*!’

“How she blanched, her dark eyes flashing, but
to this no words would come,
In his fault she stood beside him, and before me
she was dumb :

“Not with look of abject weakness, nor with
brazen glance of scorn,
But with introspective grandeur of a deeper
thought new-born.

“When at length my sting-word left her, and
recoiling probed in me—
‘Read,’ she said, with look beseeching, ‘written
word from him to thee.’

“It was all a man could tell me ; it was all a man
could do ;
But he signed no name save ‘Father,’ though he
called me his son Hugh.

“I was then a stalwart stripling, tingling with
a pride called shame :
Wrote he, ‘Love your mother; tell her you
forgive and take my name.

“ ‘Then as heir to my estate, and as my son be
henceforth known ;
Do it—bless me! Spurn it—curse me! Bless
me, that I may atone.’

“But his message— Stay, the Otter!* I’ve
seen billows cap its crest.
Bah, we’ll land her, there’s no hurry, trust this
bird to find its nest.

* The Otterham rock, frequently called the Gull rock, is nearly a mile from the shore at the southern end of the bay, rising 133 ft. above high water-mark.

“ Yes, his message—fatal letter—stirred a hurri-
cane within,
Followed by a sudden calmness worse than
passion’s noisy din.

“ For three days I kept the letter, for three nights
it lay with me,
Then I tore it, and the east wind laughed each
fragment to the sea.

“ My resolve was made ! I would not take his
name, his land, his gold ;
Shame-born was I ? with some honour neither to
be bought nor sold.

“ His name ? why the thought created fiendish
thoughts, like some dread fate,
Stirring all the fumes of passion in the caldron
of my hate.

“ Not by such ignoble truckling would I yield to
one so base,
I was henceforth Hugh Trebarwith, since it was
my native place.

“ ‘ Be you silent ! ’ cried my mother : ‘ It was
nobler thus to write
Than to cast a father’s message out into the outer
night ! ’

“ There was anger, love, and terror, as she looked
me in the eyes—
‘ He was nobler than his son is, if his son his love
defies ! ’

“ I defied it !—wrath in madness—madness close
akin to bliss ;
Love for her whose very sweetness cast me in
despair’s abyss.

“For my dreams had shaped like granite, nurtured by her pure bright mind ;
But my boyish hopes then vanished—dark before
and black behind.

“Pause I give to thoughts too tragic ! There are
scenes we store within
Which no painter puts on canvas—thoughts that
shame and silence sin.

“Only this remains—a rock-fact of a surging year,
which led
To the silent goal of all things, when I looked
upon her dead :

“This—before her last faint heart-throb—‘Take
my hand, dear Hugh, my child ;
I shall leave you lonely, lonely ; but we two are
reconciled :

“ ‘ We two ! but there is another ! ’—and I turned
my face away—

‘ Ah, I see beyond your seeing ; you’ll forgive
someday, someday ! ’

* * * * *

“ Haul the jib down ! I spoke freely—thoughtless
while the thought was new ;
But betrayed, why man, I’d quickly square a
black account with you.

“ Pardon, pardon, I withdraw it ! If I saved thy
life ’tis thine ;
But I know from head to heart’s core in true
comradeship ’tis mine.”

On my barque, and woo the shore !

Speed, my ocean treasure !

Now the surges roll no more

Give a dancing measure :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

None so true, come weal or woe, as our sweetheart Polly.

Whether skies are foul or fair,

She smiles—she is sweetest ;

Whether winds blow soft or fierce,

She rides—she is fleetest :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

Sound of limb, all taut and trim, is our sweetheart Polly.

Where's the lass like her on land,

Winsome, strong, yet tender ;

Find her mate and there's my hand,

For I'd make surrender :

Heave O, on we go ! Sing, for life is jolly,

There's no lass in all the world like our sea-bride Polly.

Every height was smiling welcome ! Islets flashed
their richest glow,
Amber clouds enfringed with purple spread trans-
lucent light below.

Stern Tintagel, like a sentry, seemed to say that
all was well ;
From Trevena's lonely church-tower came a
message from the bell.

When he heard it last 'twas tolling for the dead—
his eyes grew dim—
For the dead whose only earth-pang was one
sorrow left with him.

Hugh in silence watched the sunset as the vessel
neared the bay,
Though the mate appealed, his head bowed and
he had no word to say.



STERN TINTAGEL, LIKE A SENTRY,
SEEMED TO SAY THAT ALL WAS WELL.

Suddenly he scanned the waters, where they
broke along the strand,
From Penallick's point to Denny's, and he saw
the place to land.

“Launch the Dart! Let go the anchor!”
There was fierceness in his tone;
But the mate knew why, and answered, “Then
you go ashore alone?”

“Right!” he said,—“I'd rather swim it—I shall
stay there for awhile,
You can wait or make Port Isaac if a livelier
breeze should smile.”

“Ay, ay, Padstow if it freshens; there's a stiff
one coming soon;
I will drink a bumper to you 'neath the lamp-
light of the moon.”

So his oars dipped, and his strong stroke
smoothly, swiftly, ploughed the deep,
To the music and the cadence of the waves
when half asleep.

Not a man was there to aid him, nor a boy to
haul a rope ;
Not a —— there intently gazing was a maid as
bright as hope.

In his dreams he had not fashioned one as fair
in form as this—
Spring with promise of a Summer wooing every
zephyr's kiss.

He of men was like a headland, as a magnet to
the eye,
And she felt a thrill which startled into life a
half-breathed sigh.

Suddenly in the horizon uprose clouds that haste
the night,
Marshalling their swift battalions after calm for
ruthless fight :

Dead winds burst the bonds that held them !
Rocks frowned black or sombre grey,
And he looked in vain—the maiden as the light
had fled away.

Night steals on with step magnetic,
And a silence half prophetic
Calls to rest !
Hear, O man, the voice that speaketh,
There is peace for him who seeketh
Its behest :
Tumult like an angry billow
May be soothed on night's soft pillow—
Sleep is best !

Woman, weary, heavy laden,
Merry lad and blithesome maiden,
Take your rest !
Let the passions in their fleetness
Pause awhile and gather sweetness
Unexpressed !
Stifle folly, curtain sorrow,
Pray to Him who rules the morrow—
Sleep is best !

Sunrise like a fiery beacon flamed upon the
eastern hill ;
Storm had swept along the valley, but the
storm in Hugh was still.

Not a sound had touched his ear-chords ; he
slept as a boy once more ;
Roamed he o'er the hills of dreamland, free as
in the days of yore :

Swift the years passed ! Scenes re-acted in his
brain asserted sway,
And, awaking, something tranquil glowed within
to greet the day.

His good ship had left the channel—"Ah," he
said, "a stiffish gale !"
And he wandered without purpose up and down
his native vale.

"Stormy morning, Master Roger !" "Mornin' ;
yes sir, that it be !"
And old Roger looked a question, so Hugh
answered smilingly—

"One who knew you well described you—told
me I should see you here,
King of Sand ! and he a sandboy sent you this
for hearty cheer."

“Thank’ee sir! and you may reckon if you want
me I am spry”;

Hugh laughed, “Yes, and I’ll remember!” and
he passed with twinkling eye.

“He’s the one I feared would know me; but to
fifteen years add ten,
Would a mother know her laddie? Mine—ah
mine!—the now and then.”

Later, he could ne’er remember how or why, his
footsteps trod
On the turf of lone Trevena silent as the hush
of God:

To the spot, he oft had seen it when the shadows
brought it near,
Where the simple rock-hewn headstone spoke to
him: hark, was it fear?



LONE TREVENA,
SILENT AS THE HUSH OF GOD.

Yet he heard—it seemed a rustle—and he saw a
form glide by ;

“ Bah,” he said, “ a trick of twilight—an illusion
of the eye.”

Brain or eye it mattered little ; on the stone he
bowed his head,

Wrestled with his own grim phantom, communed
with the living dead.

In the realm of twilight-silence
Echoes penetrate the ear,
And mysterious links of nature
Bring a dead existence near ;
Then we dream about the Future
From the Present's narrow ken,
While a hidden Past re-echoes
With a life once known to men.

We but darkly see the Present,
For the seed from which it grew
Left a record in Time's valley
Where its blossom faded too.
Have we left far, far behind us
Footprints on another track?
Do the whispers as we listen
Bring again a dead life back?

Who can scan the Past or Future?
Is the Past dead evermore,
Or the Present a soul-seedling
Of half-conscious life before?
Why not? If the ages coming
Do not sweep our Now away,
They may focus all the soul-links
Of our life's vast yesterday.

Swiftly, freshly, days sped onward—life is strong
at twenty-five,
And the sight of one brown maiden made his
hope in life revive:

Hope like April alternating, darkest clouds and
brightest blue,
Wind and hail-storm leaping, shouting, and the
sunshine breaking through.

How could he, a waif of nature, say to one pure
maid "Be mine!"
Yet are honour and devotion less than empty
name or line?

So his thoughts leaped! They had spoken once—
a few words—and surprise
Flushed them both, but spoke a volume in the
language of the eyes.

With a matron grave and stately roamed she
when the day was young,
Roamed alone too, swam and clambered—made
the schoolman find his tongue.

Modest in his guise and aspect ; man of many
parts, but slow—

Music, painting—speaking little, hiding more
than most men know.

Hugh he saw with admiration—half regret if
truth be truth—

Though a sage ten years his senior warmed he to
the headstrong youth ;

Youth no longer, but with manhood strong in
strength of limb and mind,

Rushing, swaying, as a torrent that leaves deeper
streams behind.

So it seemed, for James Pengelly in his solitude
apart,

Lingered with his prosy learning coloured by the
hues of Art :

Painted miniatures of fancy ; touched the organ
hour by hour,
Seeking and oft finding solace in the freedom of
his power.

She, the pole-star of two mortals, all unconscious,
only knew
One alone absorbed her thoughts, which ever
echoed only "Hugh."

Once he begged her thus to call him, but her
lips withheld the sound,
While her heart responded dumbly with a depth
the more profound.

On the glittering shore once to him waved she
back a joyous hand,
Radiant as the rosy morning, like a goddess of
the strand.

No tint of words could paint the grace
Of form which marked her motion,
Nor give the hues upon her face
Which changed with each emotion.

The sunshine flashing on each crest
A thousand gems bestrewing,
Awaited Neptune's own behest
To deck her in his wooing.

As rise warm wavelets when the South
Sends forth a breezy murmur,
With fragrant kisses on its mouth,
So seemed a breath to stir her.

The bright sand glistened at her feet,
And voiceful shells in glancing
Sent up a melody so sweet
It seemed their souls were dancing.

He beheld her breast the billows with a joy akin
to fear,

When the swell was strong, and often as a watch-
dog lingered near :

And the thought—a premonition—one morn
quicken'd his quick tread,
Of a stronger spring-tide rising, which created
awesome dread :

Like the wind lashed into tempest over crag and
crag went he,
Heard a cry for help far-reaching, “Hugh!
Hugh!” coming from the sea.

“My name! her voice! God Almighty, save
her! Aid me, Mighty Will!”
Was his prayer, and plunging headlong swam
with superhuman skill :

Fought the surges, climbed the billows, heard
the cry, faint—near—and then
Felt the godhead of his manhood answer with
the strength of ten :

Saw her just a moment—lost her ! Felt the
grim tug of despair
Clutch his throat ; but 'ere it tightened his hand
caught her flowing hair :

Saved ! but no response came from her ! Dead ?
and then the cruel sea,
Like an angry tyrant baffled, howled the more
ferociously.

Life or death for one or both was then the
combat to the land,
But at last, all bruised, his triumph ended on
the rock-ribbed strand.

Anguish, doubt and wild distraction cut his heart
as with a knife ;

Dead?—but ear and hand on tension found a
pulse that whispered *life*.

He was mother, brother, lover, as he warmed
her to his breast,

Kissed her cheeks, her lips, her forehead, as a
child thus saved, caressed.

Tenderly, his arms around her, up and up the
dale he went ;

Ne'er had man a richer burden borne with such
a sweet content.

The dark fringes of her eyelids hid the depths
encaverned there,

And her cheeks looked wan as moonlight in a
cloud of tangled hair.

Beauty in unconscious robing,
On a couch of dream-wrought bliss,
Locked in arms that soothe to slumber,
Sealed by love's magnetic kiss.

Beauty in the strength of weakness—
A full tide in deep, still mood ;
As a virgin child of nature
In her untouched solitude,
Waking to a warm pulsation
As to life but newly born,
While the red tide gently flowing
Touched her lips—as rosy dawn
Peeping through Aurora's mantle—
Herald of a vestal day,
As a ripe bud slowly opening
To the sun's creative sway.

Beauty in unconscious robing,
On a couch of dream-wrought bliss,
Locked in arms that soothe to slumber,
Sealed by love's magnetic kiss.

News had sped before him ; rumour ever as a
lying ghost,
Said, with quick breath half-bewailing, both
were dead upon the coast.

All unheeding, seeing nothing, deaf and blind to
all strode he,
Reached the open door, and knew not—strength
gave up its mastery :

Nothing knew, till James Pengelly, sitting on his
narrow bed
Argus-like, replied to questions, while his hand
propped up Hugh's head.

Both were heroes, now sworn brothers ; for
Hugh's deed had like a flood
Broken all the other's hopes down, and left
stronger ties than blood.

James Pengelly swept his heart clean ! “I once
painted this,” said he ;
“Take it, if you will—you saved her !—take it
as a gift from me.”

Hugh was humbled : no elation stirred the lover
in the man ;
Having saved he could not claim her, and his
name was as a ban.

But the miniature was precious as new sight
unto the blind,
And her aunt, the dame Trevanion, spoke words
that seemed more than kind :

Called she, “Ruth, Ruth ! thank him ! thank
him !” But the maid gave both her hands,
And her words were words of silence, spoken
when love understands.

When they walked his tongue lost freedom with
the sun-nymph by his side ;
She was piqued, and thought her champion some-
times lost in gloomy pride.

He thought : " As yon bird that singeth in the
azure light above,
So is she beyond my reaching, though my soul
be winged with love."

Then a glance illumined his vision, and her words
were as a smile ;
" Think you I or any woman could in silence
walk a mile ? "

" Speak," he said, " and I will listen music-eared
to catch the sound ; "
" Nay," responded she, " not music, only thoughts
and not profound.

“Only this—this stretch of moorland, like my
native Devon’s face,
Made me wish that I might challenge you, big
tyrant, to a race.

“That’s the goal—the quarry gateway!” On
they went and clipt the air;
Half the way she led, but somehow he a hand’s
length first was there.

“Mine!” he said, “Cornwall wins Devon! In
fair beauty they are one,
Both are married to the sea as children of the
western sun :

“Differing as a bride and bridegroom, as bare
rock and pine-clad knoll,
Separate, but not divided; perfect as a living
whole.

“If—ah if!—it only could be I might claim
love’s rich bequest!”—

Her eyes downcast, slow uplifted, looked in his
and said the rest.

“Mine!”—he spoke with face transfigured—

“Now my heart sings merrily!”

Coyly smiled she, “I hear nothing!” “Yet,”
he said, “it sings of thee.”

Love is over all, though the shadows fall
Dark and chill;
Love is as a star, shining where you are,
Steadfast still.

Faith in love may dim—faith in her or him
May befall;
But the darkest night yields to morning’s light
After all.

Time that now defies is a time that dies
 With a breath ;
Love is not a day, for it lives for aye,
 Killing death.

So in you and me ever may it be
 Pure and bright,
Keeping us as one till another sun
 Brings new light.

Love is over all, though the shadows fall
 Dark and chill ;
Love is as a star, shining where you are,
 Steadfast still.

Peace, like some deep-flowing river, sheltered by
 protecting hills,
Stilled the current of his life-stream with a calm
 that love distils.

It unlocked the Past's closed doorway, whence
 he looked behind, before,
With a gleam of intuition, and he wondered more
 and more.

Love was his in breadth and fulness ; in its depth
 and in its height ;
In the past, the present, future, beacon in the
 darkest night.

To Trevena, when the wind blew midnight's
 anthem, then he came,
Said with head bowed on her grave-stone,
 “ Mother, I would take his name ! ”

Breathed he, “ Father, you forgive me !—I, not
 thou—let me atone ;
Bless me for I cursed thee ; give me, not thy
 wealth, thy name alone.”

Then he wrote to one—the proctor—having all
the threads that he
Spurned and tangled by the folly of his youth's
ferocity.

Wrote: “ Might I obey the mandate of my
father's wish and will—
Take his name and let all else run in the same
succession still ? ”

Said that he was soon expecting a betrothal tie
with one,
Gentle born—a Ruth Trevanion—with this legal
business done.

Came the answer like a summons: “ Come with-
out delay and bring
Aught in writing of your mother's, and her old
prized signet-ring.

“ Make no promise of a marriage ; say naught—
come and be not slow ;
You have waited ten years ; haste now, there is
much that you should know.”

Thus a cloud came 'twixt the lovers. “ Say
naught,” said the Plymouth scribe ;
Hugh and Ruth spurned that prescription, and
discussed the lawyer tribe.

But the parting was a sorrow like a sunbeam
dewed with tears ;
Not despair, but as a rainbow lighting hope and
bridging fears.

Good-bye, dear love ! heart of my heart, good-bye !
I know thee true, and 'tis from this I borrow ;
Dark clouds may gather in our summer sky,
But brightness yet will come in life's to-morrow :
Here clasping hands and pressing lips we part,
With love-chords still unbroken—heart to heart !

Where first we met upon this rocky beach
We breathe farewell, the waves of hope prevailing.
For faith is strong and love hands still can reach
O'er leagues of ocean, and our thoughts swift sailing
Can baffle time and distance in their flight,
And bring to each love's music winged with light.

Good-bye, dear love! heart of my heart, good-bye!
The sea-waves yet will bring joy after sorrow ;
Dark clouds may gather in our summer sky,
But I will come again in life's to-morrow :
Here clasping hands and pressing lips we part,
With love-chords still unbroken—heart to heart !

What Hugh heard and what he suffered—what
he read on parchment scroll—
Was a human revelation of keen torture to his
soul :

Complex—love and grief entwisted ! All his
 hopes like wreckage cast
On the wide sea—drifting, drifting—sport of
 every shrieking blast.

Then he wrote a letter to her, saying he was
 coming soon,
Full of yearning, and yet wanting the full tide of
 love's deep tune ;

For he felt flung down and battered as a mast
 by lightning's stroke ;
Heard the weary lawyer reading—heard and
 looked, but seldom spoke :

Looked away to some far harbour for a light to
 guide his bark ;
But the thick mists gathered round him and he
 wandered in the dark.

Yet love spoke with strange and tender words,
that moved him to fulfil
Some half-shapen purpose, brooding as the sweet
dove of his will.

Wrote he then to James Pengelly, openly as man
to friend—
Tenderly, as man to brother, by a chord that
has no end :

Told him all ! To hold his secret sacred, but to
give her cheer,
Soothing, guiding, with wise counsel till he came
to make all clear.

She who waited, trusted ! Waited with a presage
in the air ;
Hoped, with tearful eyes, and breathing anguish
in her glance and prayer.

Waiting, she recalled his farewell; strange it
sounded now, while then
All was promise as they parted—would they meet
again, and when?

Like a stately monarch resting,
Lay the ship awaiting him;
And anon it lifted anchor,
While my straining eyes grew dim;
Slowly fading from my vision
Sailed the goodly barque away,
As I stood with hope on tiptoe
Watching from the silent bay:
Suddenly I heard a whisper—'twas a promise breathed
to me
In the cadences of twilight coming from the placid sea.

* * * * *

Roll ye billows, burst around me!
Once soft ripples made me glad;
Now I love the waking storm-blast,
Softer music makes me sad;

There's deceit I cannot fathom
In the summer skies of youth ;
But when tempest fights with tempest
There's a voice that speaks the truth :
Someday I shall reach my haven after one fierce storm
is past,
I shall hear a dear voice calling and shall find my love
at last.

Wind and tide made friends together—drew their
sullen furies forth—
Called the south, which joined the west, and
made the east wind lash the north :

Wind and tide conspired together ! Ships went
down within that gale,
And no man was left to shudder as he told the
awful tale.



WHERE A SHIP HAD FOUNDERED.

On the shore stood Ruth Trevanion, like grim
terror beautified !

Watching, where a ship had foundered, lest some
life could be descried :

Waiting !—ah, if she could succour some poor
seaman—then she saw,

In the ravening swirl, a mortal sucked within the
billows' maw :

Mocked and buffeted ! Now coming, now reced-
ing, tossed about,

Human plaything for the surges as they beat his
life-spark out.

His last cry had lost its echo ! cold his brow and
stiff his hand,

When with one fierce howl the billows hurled
him on Trebarwith strand :

Hugh Trebarwith?—"Hugh, my dearest!" quick
as thought she did her part;
Ah, too late! the pulse was silent as her hand
pressed on his heart.

But she found a fast-closed locket, with her
portrait, and her hair
Folded in a scrap of paper, and this message
written there:

*"Love from Hugh; but not Trebarwith! Love to
you, dear sister—mine!
Hugh Trevanion!—call me brother! as Trevanion
wholly thine!"*

* * * * *

* * * * *

“Yea, Pengelly, thou didst love him! I am
rich in having thee,
Though we’ve lost him till to-morrow in the
harvest of the sea.”

The following is a list of poems and miscellaneous lyrics by Mr. Edward Foskett, in chronological order of publication. The list is exclusive of contributions which have appeared in various magazines, etc., either with name, initials ("E. F."), and pseudonyms "Aaron" and "Kefitos."

Unveiled : a vision (published anonymously). 1875.

A Nation's Fame (Fugitive Slave Question), by the "Author of Unveiled : a vision." 1876.

God of Wine, with music by C. S. Jekyll. 1879.

Echoes of Fifty Years, with music by J. A. Birch. 1879.

The Atalanta, a poem. 1880.

A Hindoo Tragedy, a poem in four cantos. 1880.

The Trysting Well, with music by Berthold Tours. 1881.

Harold Glynde, a narrative poem interspersed with fourteen lyrics. 1881.

„ issued as a Cantata, with music by Sir John Stainer, Sir George Martin, C. S. Jekyll, J. A. Birch, and other composers. Various editions in old notation and tonic sol-fa.

The Coming Years, with music by John Cornwall. 1883.

The Spring of Life, with music by Marion La Thangue. 1884.

Intercolonial Ode, with music by Leonard Gautier. 1886.

The Fireman, arranged as a dramatic part-song with double chorus by John Cornwall. 1886.

Mother of Nations, with music by Leonard Gautier, 1887 ; new edition, with the prefix "Victoria," 1897.

Poems (miscellaneous collected), 306 pp. 1st edition, 1887 ; 2nd edition, 1888.

The Window in the Rock, a Cornish tale in verse. 1888.

The Bo'sun's Bride, with music by Leonard Gautier. 1889.

The Everlasting Arms, with music by Charles Nixon. 1889.

Our Noble Defenders, with music by Tito Mattei. 1889.

Links of Eden, with music by F. C. Bevan. 1892.

Hugh Trebarwith, a Cornish romance. 1900.

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